A HUE and CRY AFTER Beauty and Virtue.

30. march. 1690:

WHere are you fled? I've sought in every Street,
But can no *Beauty* nor no *Virtue* meet:
I've sought both Hills and Dales, but all in vain,
Sure they're transported o're the *British* Main.
True *Beauty*'s lost, or cover'd o're with Paint,
I find a *hundred Whores* for every *Saint*:
I know not where to ask, nor to what place
To run to find a True Bred *English* Face;
The *Spanish* Paint, and the *French* Patches now
Do over-spread the *Chin*, the *Cheek*, the *Brow*;
Beauty's besmear'd, for every little Jade
Doth make another *Face* than *Nature* made.
Those that were born with a fresh Countrey hue,
By *Paint* have lost it; Give the Devil his due.
Whoring and *Painting* flourish now so well,
We hardly know where *Honest Women* dwell:
Virtue is out of Fashion; she's a Saint
That can with Art and Skill *Sing*, *Whore*, and *Paint*.
Every *Apprentice* Cod-piece almost itches
To run a-tilt at those polluted Bitches:
They are such Hair-brain'd Coxcombs, Idle Fops,
That they regard no Masters, nor no Shops,
Whilst these *bewitching Charms* appear in sight,
Who with *false Jewels*, and *false Face*, shine bright.
Gone are the *Golden dayes*, when the *Chief Whore*
Was with Disdain, flung in the *Common Shore*.

Few

Few *Rosamonds* are poyson'd now: we find
All sorts of People to a *Whore* prove kind.
They ought to be abhorr'd, as the worst Fates,
Like *Moths*, they waste both Bodies and Estates:
They bring on us worse than *Ægyptian* curses,
They waste our Credits, and consume our Purses:
Yet we, fond men, are such bewitched Fools,
We spend our time onely in *Venus* Schools;
We run our brittle Ships against those Rocks,
As if we long'd to slave them with the Pox.
Whilst we thus Vicious are, it is not strange
That we from *Beauty* and from *Virtue* range:
Curse on those *cursed Charms*, that like old *Eve*,
Draw *Cullies* on, with Apples in their sleeve.
A *painted*, *patched face* I count the Charmes
That draw so many *Cullies* to their Arms.
Fine *Feathers* make fine *Birds*, we're wont to cry,
Would they lay *Patches*, *Perfumes*, and *Painting* by,
They would be far more comely to the Eye.
Loath and abhor them, for their base Design
Is both to Damn your Soul, and Sink your Coyn.
As *Rosamond*, or as *Jane Shore*, go serve them,
Keep back your *Coin*, and you'l be sure to *starve* them.
They will not *Work*, they covet to be *Idle*;
Learn to be *Honest*, let them bite o'th' Bridle:
Such filthy Vermin do deserve no pity,
But Want and Hunger, both in Town and City.
Brand them like *Cain*, let *Whores* wear *Whorish* marks,
Wee'l know them then in *Streets* as well as *Parks*.
Thus shall our *Land* be *happy*, *You* be *blest*,
And *Whores* have neither *Coin*, nor *Food*, nor *Rest*.

FINIS.